Theſe letters will reſolue him of my minde.
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Buckingham to execution.

Buck. Will not king Richard let me ſpeake with him.
Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient.
Buck. Haſtings, and Edwards children, Riuers, Gray,
Holie king Henrie, and thy faire ſonne Edward,
Vaughan, and all that haue miſcarried,
By vnderhand corrupted, foule iniuſtice,
If that your moodie diſcontented ſoules,
Doe through the cloudes, behold this preſent houre,
Euen for reuenge, mocke my deſtruction.
This is Alſoules day fellowes, is it not?
Rat. It is my Lord.
Buck. Whie then Alſoules day, is my bodies domeſday:
This is the day, that in king Edwards time,
I wiſht might fall on me, when I was found,
Falſe to his children, or his wiues allies:
This is the day, wherein I wiſht to fall,
By the falſe faith, of him I truſted moſt:
This, this Alſoules day, to my fearefull ſoule,
Is the determind reſpit of my wrongs:
That high al-ſeer, that I dallied with,
Hath turnd my fained prayer on my head,
And giuen in earneſt what I begd in ieſt.
Thus doeth he force the ſwordes of wicked men,
To turne their owne pointes, on their Maiſters boſome:
Now Margarets curſe, is fallen vpon my head,
When he quoth ſhe, ſhall ſplit thy hart with ſorrow.
Remember, Margaret was a Propheteſſe,
Come ſirs, conuey me to the blocke of ſhame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

Enter Richmond with drums and trumpets.

Rich. Fellowes in armes, and my moſt louing friendes,
Bruiſd vnderneath the yoake of tyrannie,
Thus farre into the bowels of the land,
Haue we marcht on without impediment,
And here receiue we, from our Father Stanlie,

Lines

Lines of faire comfort, and
The wretched, bloudie, an
That ſpoild your ſomer-fi
Swils your warme bloud
In your inboweld boſom
Lies now euen in the cent
Neare to the towne of Le
From Tamworth thether,
In Gods name cheerelie o
To reape the harueſt of pe
By this one bloudie triall o
1 *Lo.* Euerie mans con
To fight againſt that blou
2 *Lo.* I doubt not but h
3 *Lo.* He hath no frien
Which in his greateſt nee
Rich. All for our vant
True hope is ſwift, and flie
Kings it make Gods, and m

Enter King Ric
Cate

King. Here pitch our te
Whie, how now Catesbie,
Cat, My hart is ten tim
King. Norffolke, come
Norffolke, we muſt haue k
Norff. We muſt both
King. Vp with my ten
But where to morrow, wel
Who hath diſcried the num
Norff. Sixe or ſeuen tho
King. Whie our battalion
Beſides, the Kings name is
Which they vpon the adue
Vp with my tent there, vali
Let vs ſuruey the vantage o
Call for ſome men of ſound
Lets want no diſcipline, ma

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22314) LONDON, 1597 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (Huth